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The **SCENT of DANGER**



LOOK!

**THESE
TWO
TERRIFIC
ISSUES**

**NOW
ON
SALE**



**The LONG
HAUL**



**ENGAGE the
ENEMY**



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The Scent of **DANGER**

IT WAS EARLY 1945, THE LAST DAYS OF A WINTER IN WHICH EVERY PLATOON OF THE LEESHIRE REGIMENT'S FIRST BATTALION HAD TAKEN HEAVY PUNISHMENT... ESPECIALLY TWELVE PLATOON...



TWELVE PLATOON WAS WITHOUT AN OFFICER. THE MEN IN IT WERE MAINLY REPLACEMENTS... ITS ONLY VETERANS, SERGEANT BRETT, ACTING PLATOON-COMMANDER, AND CORPORAL JORDAN...

Chapter 1.

A Dog's Life!

BIG JIM BRETT WAS IN SOMBRE MOOD. HE WAS THINKING OF THE MEN LOST IN THE HECTIC WEEKS OF A VIOLENT NAZI COUNTER-ATTACK HERE ON THE GERMAN BORDER . . .

I DON'T LIKE IT, CORPORAL. A BIG OFFENSIVE JUST COMING UP AND WE'RE LUMBERED WITH A SHOWER OF RAW RECRUITS WHO DON'T KNOW THE SCORE!

THERE'S A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYBODY, SARGE. EVEN YOU AND I WERE GREEN ONCE.



OCCASIONAL GERMAN SHELLS SMASHED DOWN AMONG THE WEAPON-PITS. THEY DID NOT WORRY BRETT AND JORDAN UNDULY, BUT SOME OF THE "NEW HANDS" WERE JITTERY.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DURRANT? GOT THE SHAKES?



Y-YES, I HAVE! YOU'D HAVE 'EM TOO, GURNEY - IF YOU WERE STANDING TO INSTEAD OF SKULKING DOWN THERE!

GURNEY'S WRY LOOK OF CONTEMPT BECAME THREATENING . . .

WATCH IT, YOU
SPINELESS LITTLE
WEASEL! DON'T YOU GO
TELLING ME I SCARE
EASY, OR I'LL
BASH YOU!



DURRANT SAID NO MORE. FURTIVELY, HE
RAISED HIS HEAD AGAIN — AND SPOTTED
A FLUTTER OF WHITE IN THE DIRECTION
OF THE GERMAN FRONT-LINE.

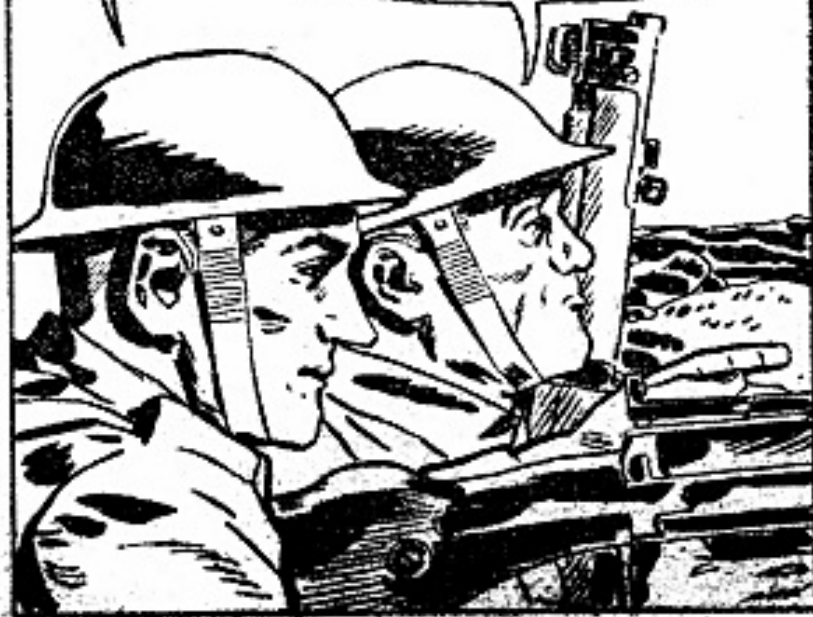
GURNEY,
COME AND
TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS!



GURNEY JOINED DURRANT AT THE PARAPET.
TRUCULENT A MOMENT BEFORE, HIS BLUNT
FEATURES SUDDENLY REGISTERED A
SHARPENED INTEREST . . .

LOOK — IN THAT HOLLOW IN FRONT OF
THE JERRY LINES. LOOKS LIKE A BIT
OF RAGGED CLOTH. IT COULD BE A
FLAG OF TRUCE.

STONE THE CROWS,
YOU'RE RIGHT! THE JERRIES
MUST BE GIVING UP!



The Scent Of Danger

DURRANT'S PULSE QUICKENED. WAS THE END OF HOSTILITIES IN SIGHT? TRUE, A SHELL HAD JUST FALLEN, BUT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE LAST . . .

WHERE D'YOU
TWO THINK YOU'RE
GOING?

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT
WHITE FLAG? THE JERRIES
ARE PACKING IT IN!



BUT GURNEY SPOKE TOO SOON. A SPANDAU GAVE THE LIE TO THAT FLUTTER OF WHITE IN A SAVAGE, HAMMERING STACCATO . . .

HAVE EITHER
OF YOU SEEN
GLUCKLICH?

NO, FELDWEBEL DREISER,
BUT WE CAN SEE TWO
DUMKOPF ENGLANDERS WHO
SEEM ANXIOUS TO GET
THEMSELVES KILLED!



GERMAN TRACER STITCHED THE AIR
AND LASHED PAST GURNEY AND
DURRANT. GURNEY GAVE A YELL!

OUT OF MY
PERISHING WAY,
YOU CLOT!



THE PAIR OF THEM HURTLED INTO THE SHELTER OF THEIR WEAPON-PIT. GURNEY WAS
BOILING WITH MINGLED FRIGHT AND FURY AS HE PICKED HIMSELF UP...

A LOW-DOWN NAZI TRICK!
COME ON, DURRANT, GET BEHIND
YOUR BREN! TAKE A CRACK
AT THE SO-AND-SO WHO
ACTED AS A DECOY!



The Scent Of Danger

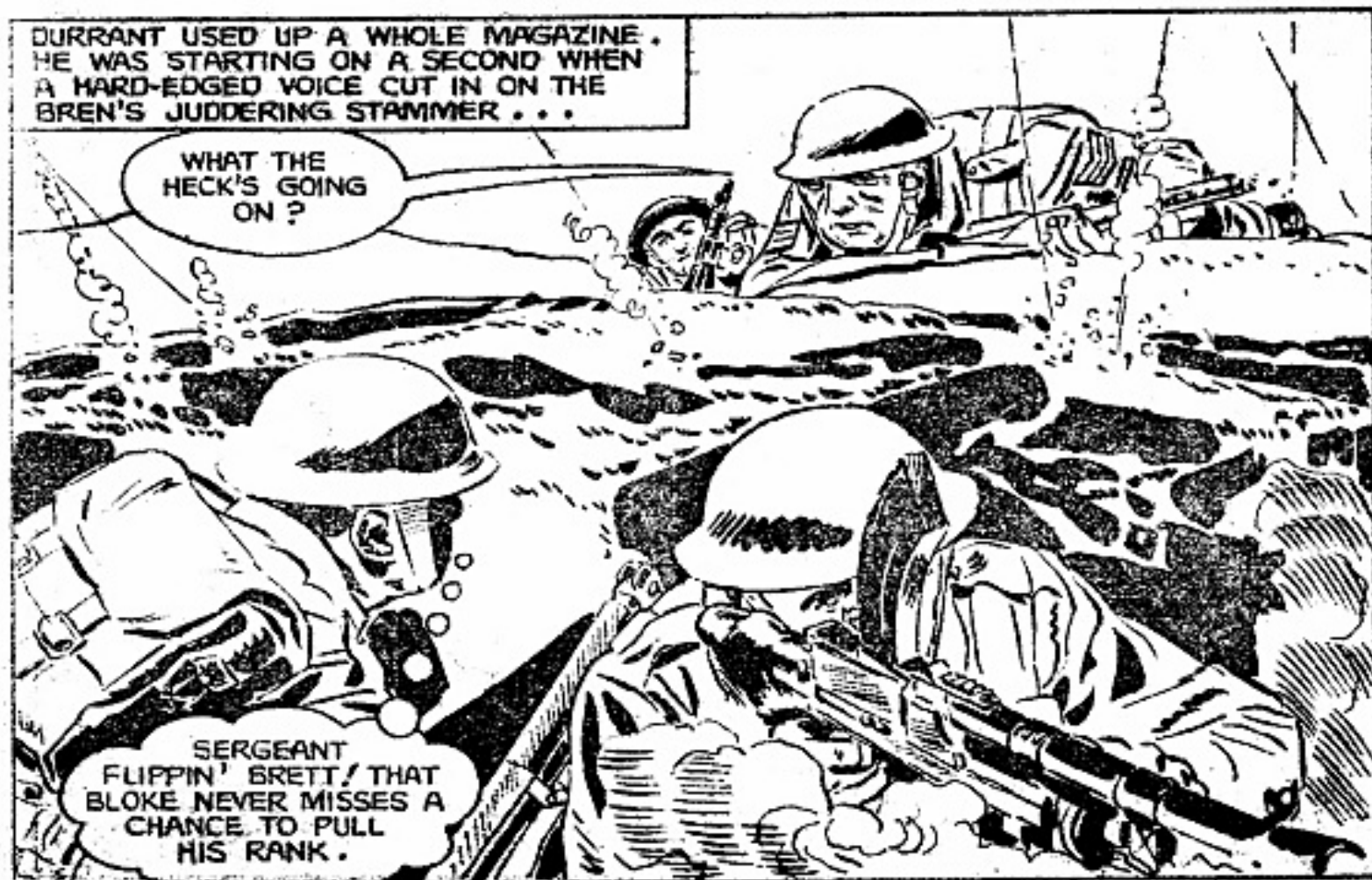
GURNEY HAULED DURRANT TO HIS FEET AND SHOVED HIM TOWARDS THE BREN. STILL SHAKING FROM HIS NARROW SHAVE, DURRANT TRIGGERED THE WEAPON . . .



DURRANT USED UP A WHOLE MAGAZINE. HE WAS STARTING ON A SECOND WHEN A HARD-EDGED VOICE CUT IN ON THE BREN'S JUDDERING STAMMER . . .

WHAT THE
HECK'S GOING
ON ?

SERGEANT
FLIPPIN' BRETT! THAT
BLOKE NEVER MISSES A
CHANCE TO PULL
HIS RANK.



GURNEY EXPLAINED, WITH A NOTABLE LACK OF DEFERENCE. HE DISLIKED N.C.O.'S ON PRINCIPLE — AND SERGEANT BRETT IN PARTICULAR . . .



DROPPING INTO THE WEAPON-PIT, JIM BRETT PEERED OVER THE PARAPET. NEXT SECOND, HE LET OUT AN ANGRY EXCLAMATION . . .



BY NATURE DURRANT WAS SLOW IN HIS REFLEXES. HE FAILED TO OBEY PROMPTLY ENOUGH TO SUIT THE SERGEANT—AND BRETT, A LOVER OF ANIMALS, FLUNG HIM VIOLENTLY ASIDE . . .

CEASE FIRE,
I SAID! CONFOUND
YOU, DURRANT! IT'S
A DOG YOU'RE
SHOOTING AT!



SURE ENOUGH IT WAS A DOG—A SHAGGY, NONDESCRIPT, FOOTLOOSE IN NO-MAN'S-LAND, SCRABBLING AT A RABBIT'S BURROW . . .



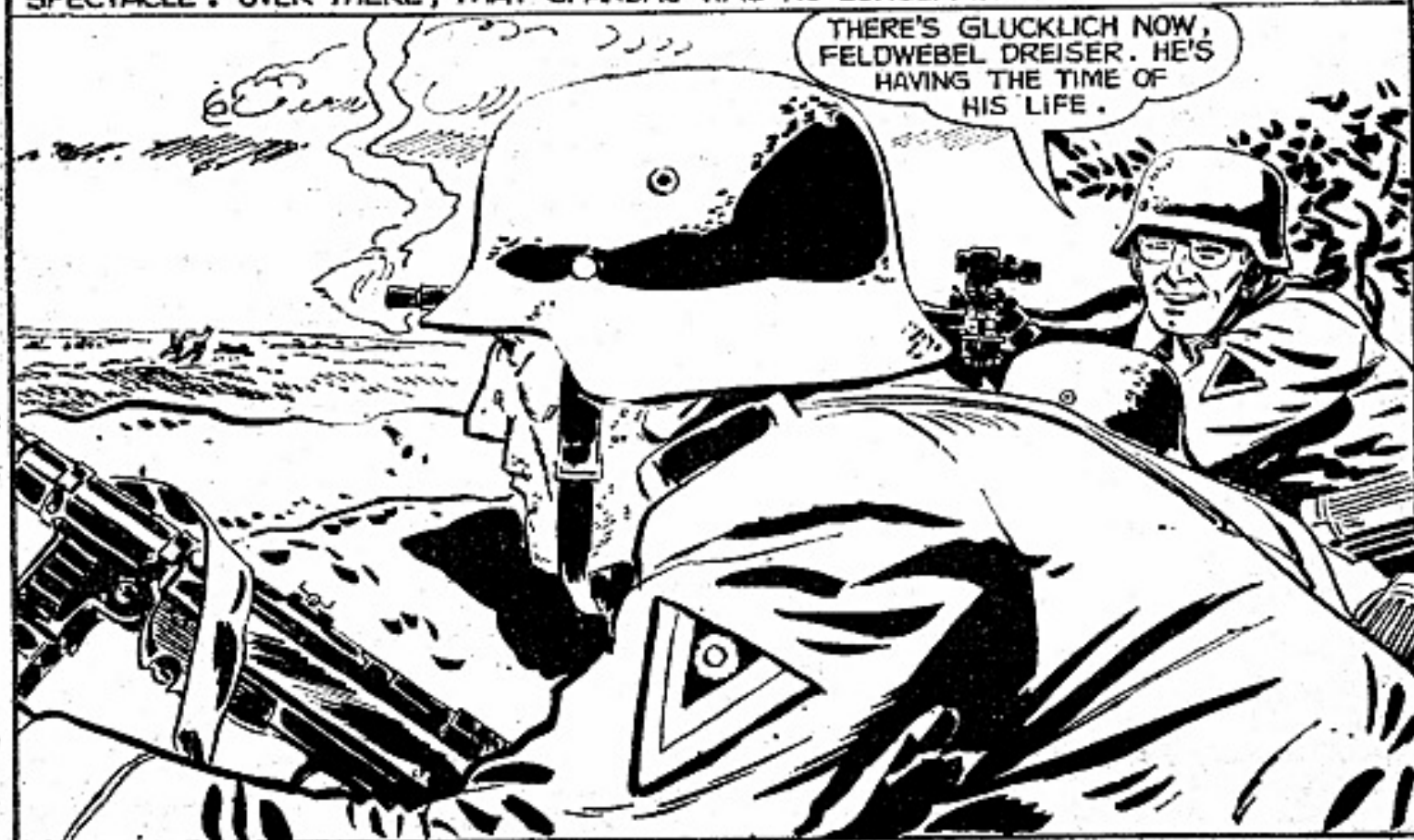
THE DOG'S QUARRY FLASHED OUT BY A BOLT-HOLE FARTHER ALONG THE DIP. THE DOG SPOTTED IT AND GAVE CHASE . . .



A GRINNING GROUP OF KHAKI-CLAD MEN FOLLOWED THE COURSE OF THAT CHASE . . .



AND FROM OPPOSITE VANTAGE-POINTS, MEN OF THE WEHRMACHT SURVEYED THE SPECTACLE . OVER THERE, THAT SPANDAU WAS NO LONGER IN ACTION . . .



The Scent Of Danger

NO ONE ON EITHER SIDE THOUGHT OF FIRING. TEMPORARILY, THE GRIM BUSINESS OF WAR WAS FORGOTTEN.

I'LL LAY TWO-TO-ONE
ON WHITEY! TWO-TO-ONE
ON THE POOCH!



CORPORAL JORDAN WOULD HAVE LOST HIS BET IF THERE HAD BEEN ANY TAKERS . . .

COR! THAT SWERVE FOXED
WHITEY AND NO MISTAKE!
IT'S TWO-TO-ONE ON
DODGER NOW! TWO-
TO-ONE ON THE
RABBIT!



THE DOG LANDED ON ITS BACK, BUT QUICKLY SCRAMBLED UPRIGHT AND BEGAN SEARCHING FOR ITS PREY.

THIS WAY,
BOY!

HERE,
WHITEY!
HERE!



SUSPICIOUSLY, IT CONTEMPLATED THE FRIENDLY BUT UNFAMILIAR FACES BEFORE IT. THEN, WITH A QUIET YAP, IT TROTTED AWAY, BACK TO ITS MASTER.

KOMMEN SIE
HIER, GLÜCKLICH!
SCHNELL!



THE DOG, BOUNDED UP TO FELDWEBEL DREISER AND LICKED HIS LEATHERY FACE.

GLÜCKLICH, YOU HAVE BEEN ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE. DON'T YOU KNOW THAT'S A MILITARY OFFENCE?



BACK IN THE BRITISH LINES, SERGEANT BRETT APOLOGISED TO PRIVATE DURRANT...

I'M SORRY I FLEW OFF THE HANDLE, DURRANT, BUT I DIDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO THAT DOG. I'VE GOT ONE JUST LIKE IT BACK HOME.

I'M GLAD YOU STOPPED ME, SARGE. I DIDN'T COTTON-ON THAT I WAS SHOOTING AT A DOG...



JIMI BRETT LOOKED AT DURRANT AND SAW BLOOD WAS TRICKLING FROM HIS NOSE.

SURE, LAD. I UNDERSTAND. HERE, YOU'D BETTER TAKE THIS HANDKERCHIEF AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT NOSE.



THE SERGEANT JOINED CORPORAL JORDAN AND TOGETHER THEY CREPT BACK TO THEIR SLIT-TRENCH. GLOWERING AFTER THEM, GURNEY SPOKE VICIOUSLY.

THAT FLIPPING THREE-STRIPER HAD NO RIGHT TO KNOCK YOU DOWN, MATE. REPORT HIM TO THE COMPANY COMMANDER AND GET HIM BUSTED.

I COULDN'T DO THAT. AFTER ALL, HE SAID HE WAS SORRY.



BUT GURNEY, WELL-KNOWN AS A TROUBLE-MAKER, DID NOT INTEND LEAVING IT AT THAT...

IF YOU WON'T STICK UP FOR YOURSELF, I'LL REPORT BRETT! I'LL SEE HE GOES UP BEFORE THE COMPANY COMMANDER!



The Scent Of Danger

ALTHOUGH SERGEANT BRETT WAS A STRICT DISCIPLINARIAN, HE HAD A FANATICALLY STRONG SENSE OF JUSTICE. HE DID NOT EVEN SPARE HIMSELF FROM ITS HARSH RULES.

CORPORAL, UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES MUST AN N.C.O. LAY A HAND ON ONE OF HIS MEN. I'D CLAP YOU ON A FIZZER FOR DOING IT. THE SAME WILL HAVE TO APPLY TO ME.

STONE THE CROWS!
HE'S GOING TO PUT
HIMSELF ON A
CHARGE!



THAT NIGHT, TWELVE PLATOON WAS PULLED BACK INTO RESERVE. IN A COMMAND-POST DUG-OUT, SERGEANT BRETT TOLD HIS STORY TO THE COMPANY COMMANDER.

...AND YOU CONSIDER,
SERGEANT, YOU SHOULD BE
CALLED TO ACCOUNT FOR
YOUR—ER—YOUR
MISDEMEANOUR.



YES, SIR. I'M
SUBJECT TO THE RULES
LAID DOWN IN THE MANUAL
OF MILITARY LAW—THE
SAME AS ANY OF MY
MEN.

FOR A FEW SECONDS MAJOR HAMILTON WAS SILENT. THEN HE TURNED BACK TO BRETT...

VERY WELL, SERGEANT, I'LL LET YOU OFF WITH A CAUTION. DON'T OVER-STEP THE LIMITS OF YOUR AUTHORITY AGAIN.

I WON'T, SIR, I PROMISE YOU.



BRETT SALUTED AND MARCHED OUT. HAMILTON GRINNED AT THE COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR...

BRETT'S A FIRST CLASS N.C.O., SERGEANT-MAJOR, BUT DID YOU EVER HEAR THE LIKE OF THAT?

I CAN'T SAY I DID, SIR... AND I'VE MET SOME PRETTY STRICT SERGEANTS IN THE ARMY!



TEN MINUTES LATER, MAJOR HAMILTON WAS VISITED BY PRIVATE GURNEY. HE FROWNED AS GURNEY STATED HIS BUSINESS.

THERE'S SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, SIR. I FEEL IT'S MY DUTY TO SPEAK UP. IT'S ABOUT SERGEANT BRETT AND A BLOKE CALLED DURRANT...



AFFECTING A TONE OF RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION, GURNEY STARTED TO EXPLAIN. BUT BEFORE HE COULD FINISH, HE WAS ANGRILY INTERRUPTED BY THE MAJOR.

GURNEY, I RECALL SERGEANT BRETT PUT YOU ON A CHARGE FOR A DIRTY RIFLE THE OTHER DAY. AND BEFORE THAT, HE HAD YOU UP BEFORE ME FOR INSUBORDINATION.

THAT'S TRUE, SIR. BUT I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M HERE BECAUSE I'VE GOT IT IN FOR HIM.



THE MAJOR LEANED ACROSS THE TABLE AND STARED STERNLY AT THE UNCOMFORTABLE-LOOKING GURNEY.

THE MATTER TO WHICH YOU HAVE REFERRED HAS BEEN DEALT WITH. NOW — GET OUT!

YOU HEARD THE MAJOR, GURNEY!



GURNEY MARCHED STIFFLY OUT OF THE DUG-OUT. AS SOON AS HE WAS OUT OF SIGHT OF THE MAJOR, HIS FACE TWISTED INTO A SNARL OF FURY . . .



THAT'S THE LAST TIME I TELL THAT IDIOT ANYTHING. AND AS FOR BRETT... HE'D BETTER NOT CROSS MY PATH, OR HE'S FOR IT!

Chapter 2.

Dawn Attack

JUST BEFORE FIRST LIGHT, NEXT MORNING, FELDWEBEL HEINRICH DREISER AWOKE WITH A START...



DREISER'S DOG HAD AN INFALLIBLE INSTINCT WHICH HE AND THE MEN OF HIS SQUAD HAD COME TO RECOGNISE...

YOU'RE RIGHT!
ALL'S QUIET ENOUGH OVER
THERE, BUT GLÜCKLICH CAN
TELL WHEN SOMETHING
BIG IS IN THE WIND.



TYING A LEAD ON GLUCKLICH, HE HEADED FOR THE CONCRETE COMMAND-POST, WHERE HE SPOKE TO OBERFELDWEBEL STEINHORST.

WE'RE IN FOR A STRAFING, KARL - TO JUDGE FROM THE BEHAVIOUR OF GLUCKLICH.

YOU HAVE FAITH IN THAT DOG OF YOURS, HEINIE. STILL, HE'S ALWAYS BEEN RIGHT ... THAT I'LL ADMIT.



THE WEHRMACHT SERGEANT PASSED THE DOG'S LEASH OVER TO OBERFELDWEBEL STEINHORST.

YOU WANT ME TO KEEP HIM IN THE COMMAND-POST, EH? AND AS USUAL THE HERR LEUTNANT WILL GRUMBLE AT ME FOR DOING SO.

I FEEL HAPPIER WITH GLUCKLICH UNDER COVER.



The Scent Of Danger

WALKING AWAY, DREISER PAUSED TO LOOK BACK AT HIS BELOVED CANINE COMRADE STRUGGLING TO RETURN TO THE SIDE OF ITS MASTER. BOTH MAN AND DOG KNEW THAT THIS COULD WELL BE THEIR LAST PARTING.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN,
GLÜCKLICH.



SUDDENLY, THE FELDWEBEL'S SAD THOUGHTS WERE BROKEN BY A FLIGHT OF SHELLS SCREAMING THROUGH THE AIR TO SLAM INTO THE GROUND WITH SHATTERING EXPLOSIONS.

HIMMEL!
IT HAS
BEGUN!



RACING FOR THE COMPARATIVE SHELTER OF HIS SLIT-TRENCH, HE FELL DOWN LIMPLY AS A SHELL BLASTED CLOSE BY.



ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, TWO FIRST-AID MEN APPEARED AND SWIFTLY CARRIED HEINRICH DREISER AWAY THROUGH THE GATHERING HOLOCAUST.



FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES THE GERMAN FRONT WAS ENGULFED IN A ROARING DELUGE OF FLAME .
THEN ALL AT ONCE THE BARRAGE LIFTED . . .


THE
BRITISHERS!
HERE THEY
COME!



THE GERMANS STRUCK BACK SAVAGELY. HOT METAL LASHED INTO THE FIRST WAVE
OF THE ATTACKING BRITISH TROOPS . . .

TEN PLATOON
IS BEING SHOT
TO PIECES!

PRESS ON, LADS!
DON'T BUNCH UP! GURNEY,
SHOVE OFF TO YOUR LEFT
AND DON'T LAG!



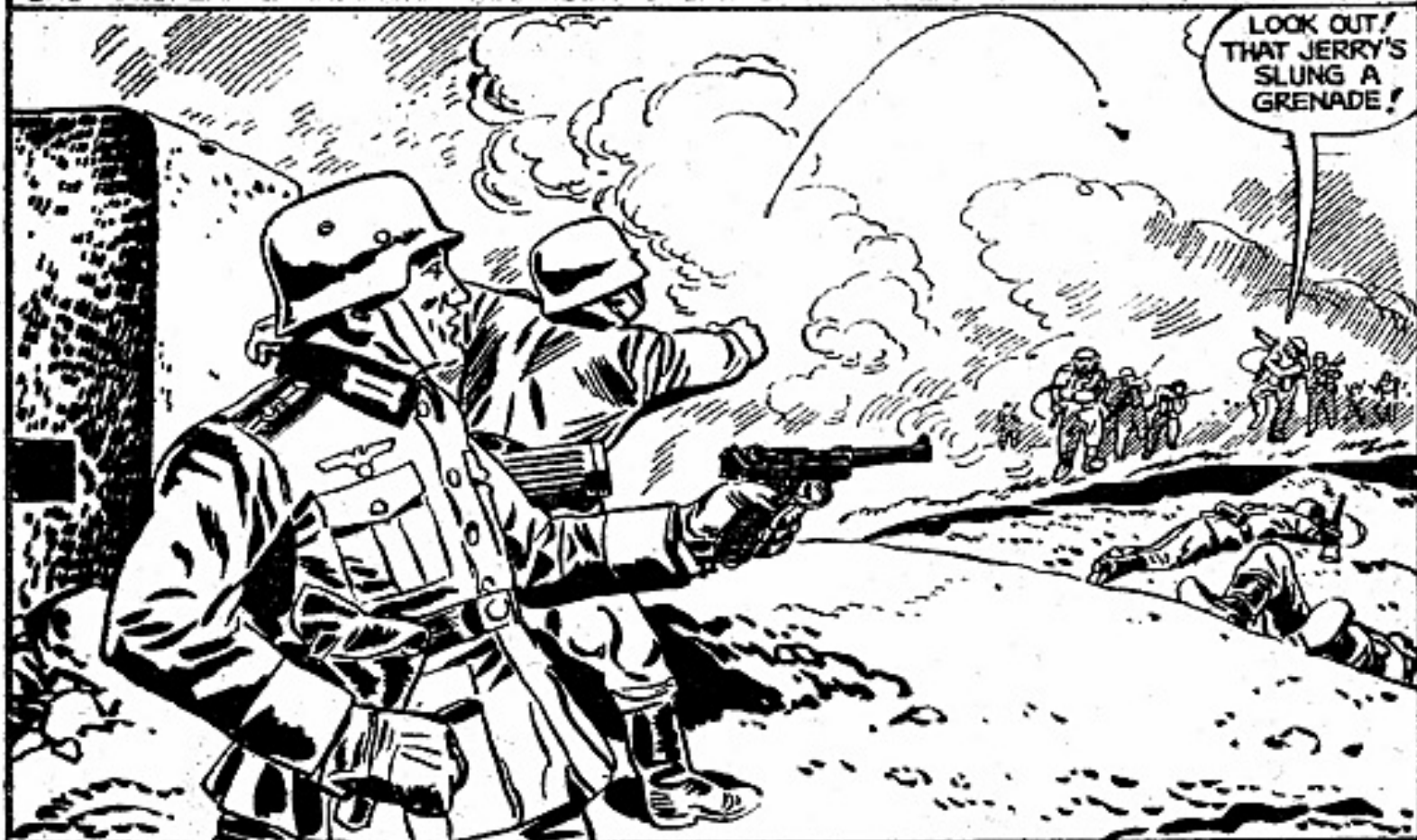
DESPITE THE FURY OF THE OPPOSITION, THE BRITISH BATTALION'S LEADING ELEMENTS DROVE INTO THE ENEMY DEFENCES AND MET THEM IN FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT.



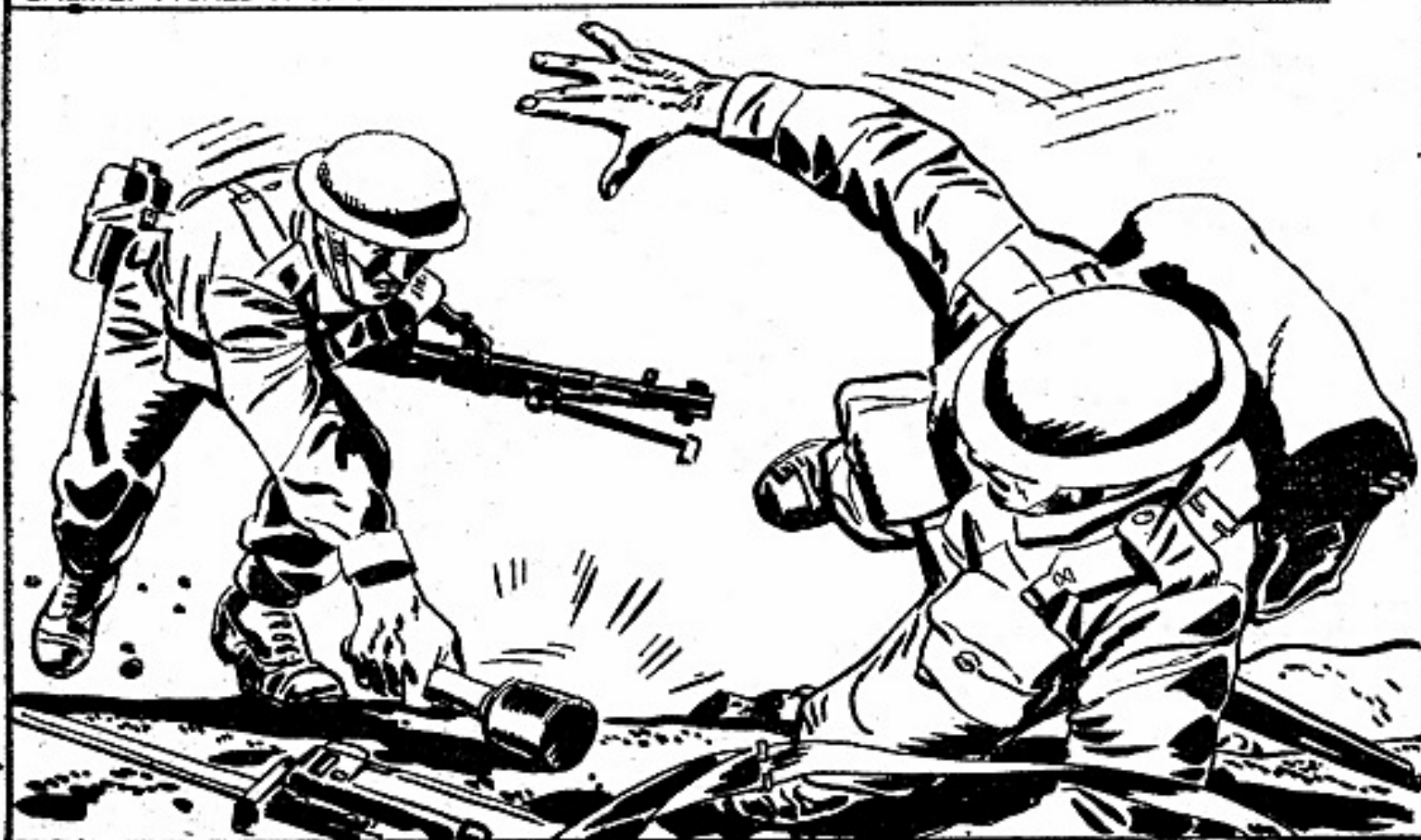
TEN PLATOON WAS ALMOST WIPED OUT BY THE FANATICALLY FIGHTING GERMANS. REVENGEFULLY, BRETT LED HIS PLATOON IN A STORMING ASSAULT.



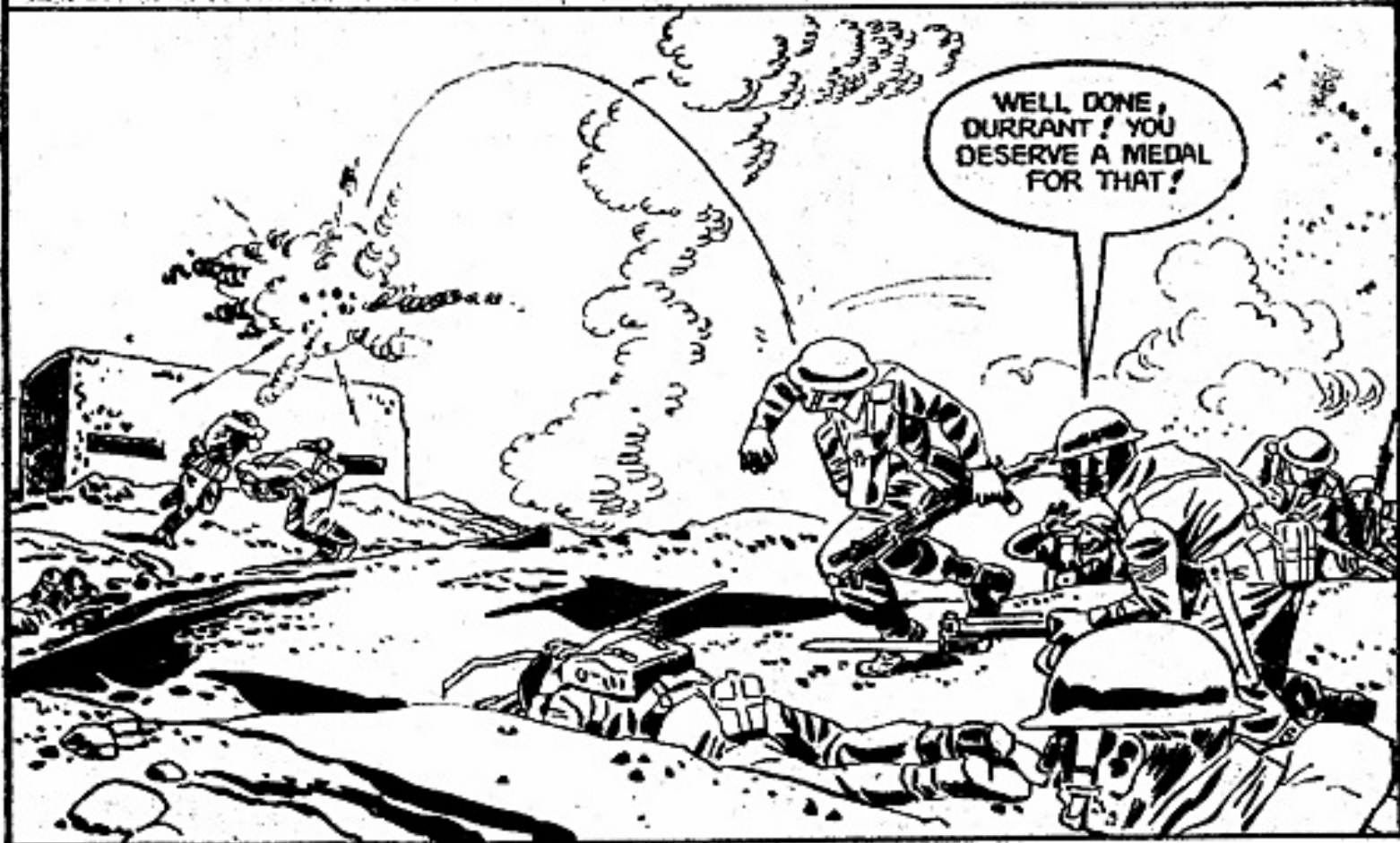
GRADUALLY, THE FAST-DWINDING ENEMY WAS PUSHED BACK. A GERMAN OFFICER MADE ONE LAST DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO RESIST THE CAPTURE OF THE COMMAND-POST...



TERRIFIED, GURNEY FELL AS THE STICK-GRENADE THUDDERED BESIDE HIM. BUT DURRANT CALMLY PICKED IT UP...



DURRANT HURLED THE GRENADE AT THE TWO GERMANS CLOSE TO THE COMMAND-POST. IT EXPLODED JUST ABOVE THEIR HEADS, AND THEY FELL TO THE GROUND.



DURRANT LOOKED AT JIM BRETT INCREDULOUSLY. THE LITTLE PRIVATE WAS NOW SHAKING WITH FEAR AT THE VERY THOUGHT OF THE RISK HE HAD RUN!

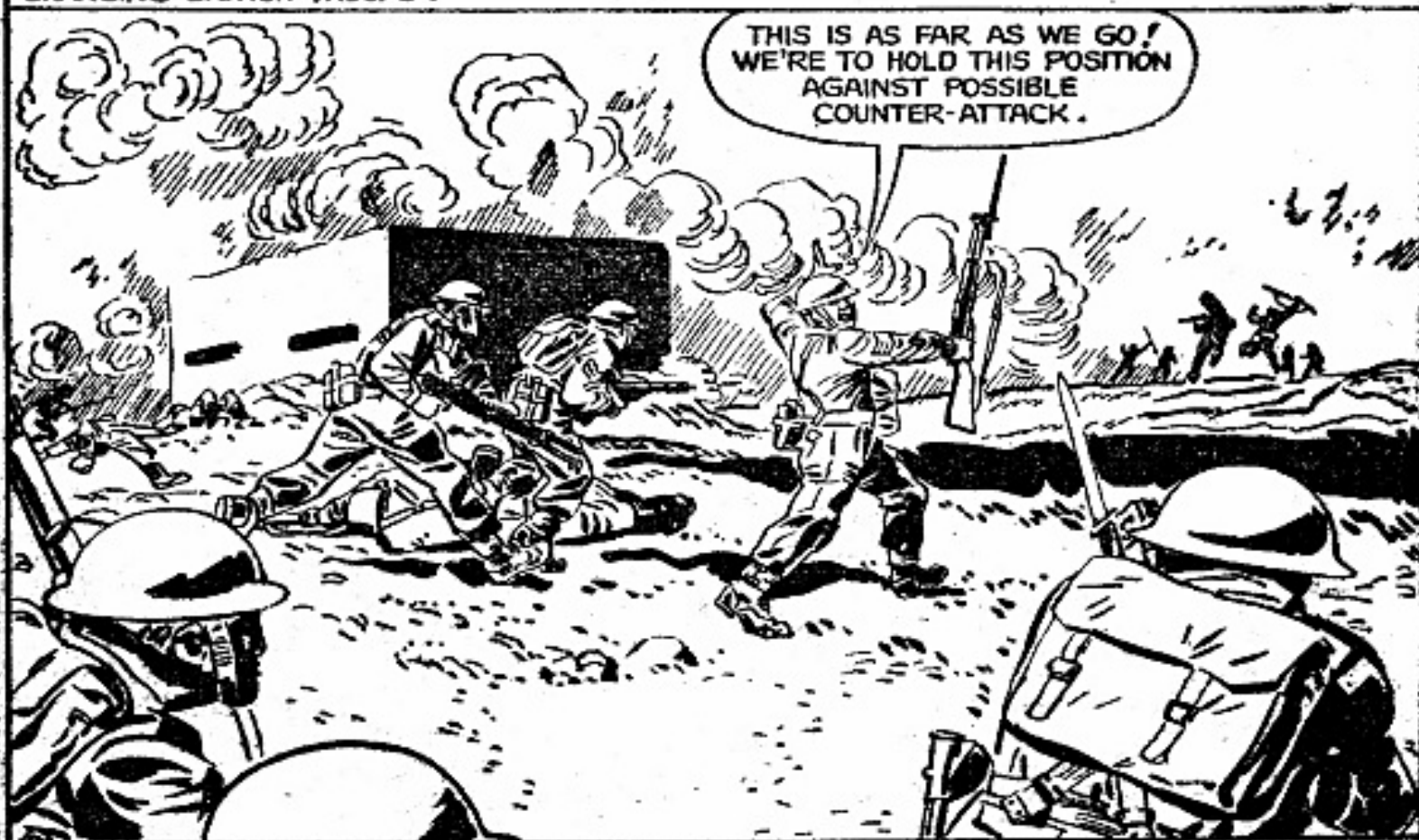
I'D NEVER HAVE DONE IT
IF I'D STOPPED TO THINK,
SARGE! I MUST HAVE
BEEN OFF MY NUT!

STAY THAT WAY, LAD,
AND YOU'LL WIN A
PERISHIN' ROW
OF GONGS!



The Scent Of Danger

THE REMAINING GERMANS, SEEING NO HOPE OF FURTHER RESISTANCE, FLED BEFORE THE CHARGING BRITISH TROOPS.



THE ATTACK HAD BEEN A COMPLETE SUCCESS. NOW, THE WOUNDED WERE ATTENDED TO AND DIGGING-IN OPERATIONS WERE BEGUN.

CORPORAL JORDAN, HAVE A SQUINT INSIDE THAT PILL-BOX AND MAKE SURE NO KRAUTS ARE SKULKING THERE. TAKE DURRANT AND GURNEY WITH YOU.



INSIDE THE COMMAND-POST, THE THREE MEN FOUND ONLY ONE OCCUPANT — GLUCKLICH. HE GREETED THEM WITH AN UNFRIENDLY GROWL . . .

IT'S WHITEY!
HELLO,
OLD FELLER.

WATCH IT, CORPORAL!
HE. DON'T SEEM TO
LIKE YOU.



CORPORAL JORDAN'S ATTEMPTS TO BEFRIEND THE DOG WERE UNSUCCESSFUL. GURNEY, HIS TEMPER FRAYED, WAS ABOUT TO SWING HIS RIFLE AT THE ANIMAL, AS BRETT CAME IN . . .

WHAT THE HECK?
GURNEY, PUT YOUR
RIFLE DOWN! STOP
BAITING THAT
ANIMAL!

BAITING HIM?
THAT'S RICH, THAT
IS!



GURNEY LOWERED HIS RIFLE, STARING MURDEROUSLY AT THE DOG WHOSE EXPRESSION SURPRISINGLY CHANGED AT THE SIGHT OF SERGEANT BRETT.

LOOK OUT, SARGE. DON'T GET TOO CLOSE TO HIM. HE'S FIERCE.

I HOPE HE SINKS HIS TEETH IN BRETT, THAT'S ALL!



GURNEY WAS DISAPPOINTED. BRETT'S VOICE HAD PRODUCED AN IMMEDIATE AND QUIETENING EFFECT ON THE DOG.

WHAT IS IT, BOY? WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? NOBODY'S GOING TO HURT YOU.



CLEARLY, THE ANIMAL APPROVED OF BRETT. BRETT HIMSELF COULD NOT HAVE SAID WHY. HE DID NOT KNOW THE RING OF AUTHORITY IN HIS VOICE HAD REMINDED IT OF ITS MASTER.

HE SEEMS TO LIKE ME... I WONDER IF MAJOR HAMILTON WOULD LET ME KEEP HIM.

I DON'T SEE WHY NOT. SERGEANT MASON IN 'A' COMPANY HAS A DOG.



HAMILTON OFFERED NO OBJECTION TO BRETT KEEPING HIS NOW FAITHFUL COMPANION. A FEW DAYS LATER, THE MAJOR RECEIVED SOME WELCOME NEWS...

THE NAZIS ARE REPORTED TO BE IN FULL RETREAT, SERGEANT, AND OUR ORDERS ARE TO PUSH ON. YOUR PLATOON WILL ACT AS AN ADVANCE-GUARD.



THE SERGEANT REASSEMBLED HIS MEN AND FORMED THEM INTO SECTIONS.

YOU'VE NO RADIO-MAN, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL NEED ONE. WHAT ABOUT YOUR DOG? HE CAN TRAVEL WITH COMPANY HEADQUARTERS IF YOU LIKE.

I'D RATHER TAKE HIM ALONG WITH ME, SIR.



HE LOOKS INTELLIGENT, SERGEANT. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO CALL HIM? A JERRY NAME WOULD BE APPROPRIATE. FRITZ, MAYBE? OR HEINIE...? HOW ABOUT HEINIE?

LOOK AT HIS EARS, SIR. THEY TWITCHED UP AS SOON AS YOU SAID THAT NAME.



IT WAS PLAIN TO JIM BRETT THE NAME HAD A MEANING FOR THE DOG. NOT ONLY HAD ITS EARS JERKED ERECT, BUT NOW ITS TAIL STARTED TO SWISH TO AND FRO.

THAT MUST BE YOUR NAME, BOY — THE MAJOR HIT ON IT. COME ON, HEINIE. LET'S GO.



WITH THE DOG TROTTING BESIDE HIM, SERGEANT BRETT PROUDLY LED THE PLATOON OFF ON THE LONG MARCH AHEAD.

ALL RIGHT, GET WEAVING.



Chapter 3.

The White Jinx

FOR HOURS THEY MARCHED OVER FLAT, OPEN GROUND. ON ENTERING ENEMY-HELD, NILLY COUNTRY, BRETT SENT GURNEY TO SCOUT AHEAD.

I'M BLOWED IF I LIKE THIS FLIPPING LARK! I'LL BE THE FIRST TO COP IT IF WE BUMP INTO JERRIES!

SLOWLY, GURNEY CREPT FORWARD, HIS EYES SEARCHING NERVOUSLY FOR ANY SIGN OF THE ENEMY. AT LAST, HE CAME UPON A MASSIVE, THICK FOREST...

THOSE WOODS WILL BE SWARMING WITH JERRIES. RECKON I'LL STAY PUT.

BUT GURNEY DID NOT STOP FOR LONG. THE CRACK OF A RIFLE AND THE WHINE OF A BULLET GLANCING OFF HIS HELMET JOLTED HIM INTO FRANTIC ACTIVITY.



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED HE RACED BACK DOWN THE SLOPE...



RECEIVING NO ANSWER, BRETT IMPATIENTLY THRUST HEINIE'S LEASH INTO GURNEY'S HAND.

HOLD MY
DOG! I'LL TAKE
A LOOK FOR
MYSELF!



AS THE SERGEANT RAN UP THE SLOPE, HEINIE STRUGGLED TO FOLLOW. BUT GURNEY HUNG ON TIGHTLY — UNTIL HE WAS NIPPED ON THE LEG.

OW! DARN
YOU, YOU
PERISHER!



AS BRETT GAINED THE SKYLINE, HE WAS MET BY A BLIZZARD OF SEARING LEAD. HE DROPPED BEHIND A BUSH FOR COVER AND FOUND HE WAS NOT ALONE . . .



QUICKLY, HE GRABBED HEINIE AND BEGAN TO STUMBLE DOWN THE SLOPE. THEN, THE HILL SHOOK VIOLENTLY AS A SALVO OF GERMAN SHELLS THUNDERED DOWN!



BRETT FELL, WOUNDED IN THE LEG, MOUTHING CURSES THAT MINGLED WITH A FULL-THROATED DISCORD FROM HEINIE BARKING WRATHFULLY AT THE SMOKE-WREATHED SKYLINE.

TAKE CARE OF THE DOG, CORPORAL. I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN HAND HIM OVER TO THAT FOOL GURNEY. AND I WANT A RUNNER TO REPORT TO MAJOR HAMILTON.

TELL THE MAJOR THE OPPOSITION AMOUNTS TO ABOUT TWO PLATOONS WITH ARTILLERY SUPPORT. OFF YOU GO, MAN! AT THE DOUBLE!

The Scent Of Danger

ALTHOUGH THE SERGEANT'S WOUND WAS PAINFUL, HE REFUSED FIRST AID. THE WELFARE OF HIS SUBORDINATES WAS HIS IMMEDIATE CONCERN.

LET ME PUT A DRESSING ON THAT WOUND, SARGE.

THAT CAN WAIT! SEE THAT THE LADS SPREAD OUT! THEY'RE HERDED TOGETHER! ONE SHELL COULD WIPE 'EM OUT!

JORDAN BAWLED AT THE PLATOON TO DISPERSE. HE STUBBORNLY REMAINED WITH THE WOUNDED SERGEANT AND INSISTED ON ATTENDING TO HIS INJURY.

GET DOWN, CORPORAL! YOU'RE LIABLE TO BE A CASUALTY YOURSELF IF YOU DON'T!

JUST FOR ONCE, SARGE, I AIN'T TAKIN' ORDERS! HOLD STILL!



SOON, THE PLATOON WAS JOINED BY THE REST OF THE COMPANY. MAJOR HAMILTON SPOKE CONFIDENTLY TO SERGEANT BRETT.

WE'RE MOUNTING AN ATTACK, SERGEANT, WITH TWELVE PLATOON IN RESERVE. I'VE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO BE EVACUATED TO THE REGIMENTAL AID POST.



THE COMPANY CHARGED INTO THE ASSAULT JUST AS JIM BRETT WAS BORNE TO THE REAR. HE HAD A FINAL WORD WITH CORPORAL JORDAN . . .

IT'S A TURN-UP, EH, CORPORAL, ISN'T IT? DUNKIRK, CRETE, NORTH AFRICA — ALL WITHOUT A SCRATCH. AND WITH THE END OF THE WAR IN SIGHT, MY LUCK RUNS OUT!



The Scent Of Danger

FACED WITH OVERWHELMING ODDS, THE GERMANS WERE SOON RETREATING AGAIN — TWELVE PLATOON WAS ORDERED TO FOLLOW IN THE REAR.

CORPORAL JORDAN, WE'RE
SHOVING THROUGH THE WOODS.
THE COMPANY COMMANDER
SAYS YOU'RE TO
FOLLOW ON!

RIGHT,
LADS! ON
YOUR FEET!

THE ATTACK WAS HALTED AT A VILLAGE IN THE FOREST, WHERE THE COMPANY WAS TO STAY FOR A WEEK WHILE UNITS ON THE FLANKS STRAIGHTENED OUT KINKS IN THE ALLIED LINE.

FALL IN, TWELVE PLATOON!
COME ON, HURRY IT UP! THE
COMPANY COMMANDER'S GIVEN
US A JOB TO DO!



THE MEN FELL IN AND CORPORAL JORDAN, HEINIE PADDING DUTIFULLY BESIDE HIM, LEG THEM OUT ON A LIMITED PATROL.



FOR AN UNEVENTFUL HOUR THEY PLODDED ON.

HOW MUCH FARTHER, CORP?

WE ABOUT-TURN HERE. MAJOR HAMILTON WANTED TO KNOW WHETHER THE ROUTE THROUGH THE FOREST WAS CLEAR AS FAR AS THIS CROSSING, THAT'S ALL.



THEIR RETURN-JOURNEY WAS ALSO WITHOUT INCIDENT... UNTIL THEY WERE BACK AT THE VILLAGE...

AN AEROPLANE. ONE OF OURS. THE LUFTWAFFE PILOTS DON'T DARE SHOW THEIR BLOOMING FACES THESE DAYS —

ONE OF OURS, MY FOOT! IT'S A HUN! QUICK, DIVE FOR COVER!



The Scent Of Danger

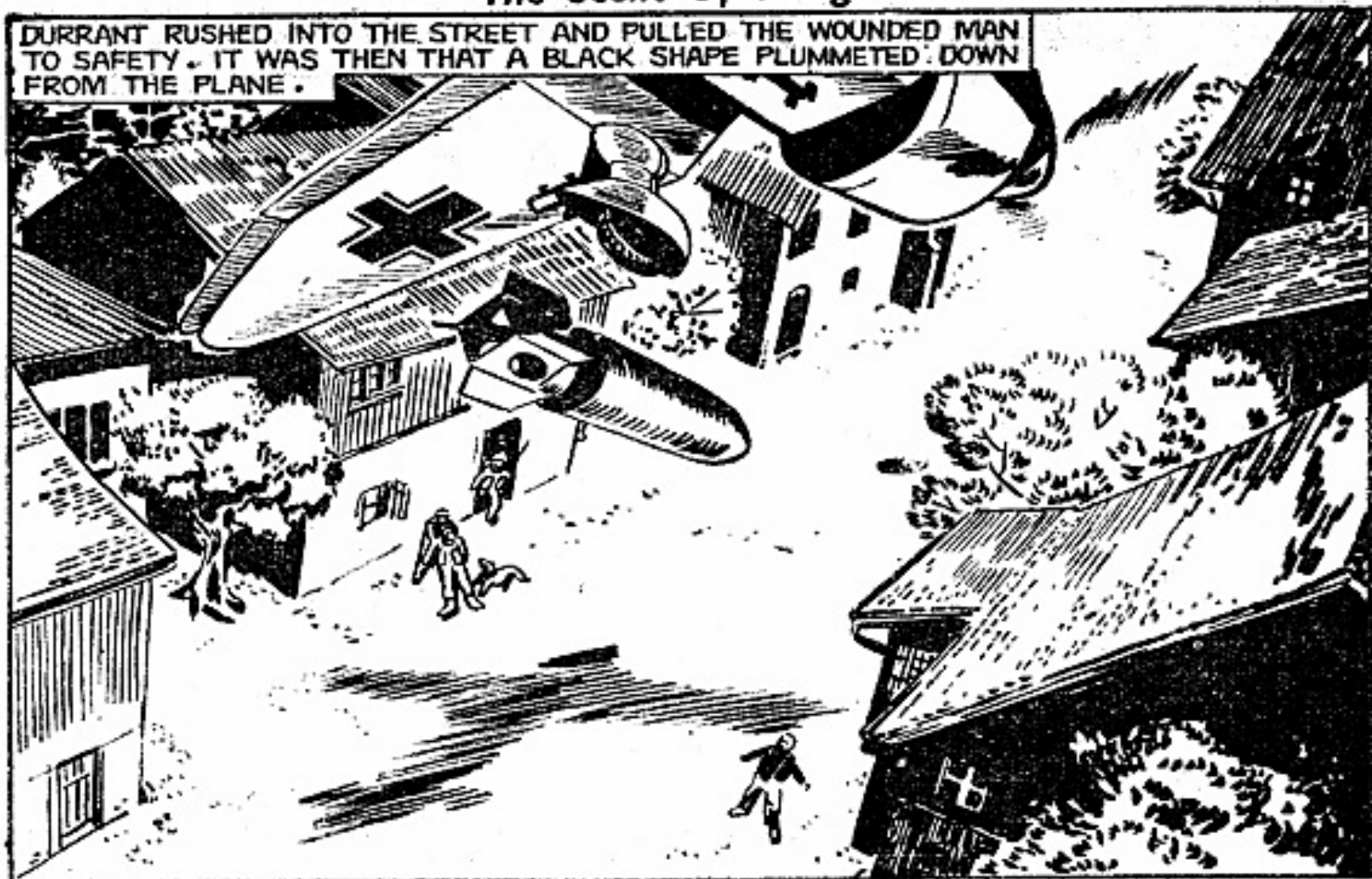
THE MEN SCATTERED AS A MACHINE-GUN HAMMERED HOT TRACER INTO THE DUSTY STREET. BUT, CORPORAL JORDAN, RUNNING WITH HEINIE, TRIPPED OVER THE DOG'S LEASH DIRECTLY IN THE LINE OF FIRE.



PRIVATE DURRANT TURNED WHEN HE HEARD THE DOG'S DEFIANT BARKS AND HIS EYES FILLED WITH HORROR AT WHAT HE SAW.



DURRANT RUSHED INTO THE STREET AND PULLED THE WOUNDED MAN TO SAFETY. IT WAS THEN THAT A BLACK SHAPE PLUMMETED DOWN FROM THE PLANE.



WITH A SHATTERING BLAST, THE BOMB EXPLODED IN THE STREET!

AAAARGH!



The Scent Of Danger

WHEN THE DUST HAD LIFTED, THE SHAKEN BUT UNSCATHED PATROL EMERGED FROM THE HOUSE IN WHICH THEY HAD SHELTERED.

WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE'RE BURIED ALIVE!

RAPIDLY THEY STUMBLED OVER THE RUBBLE TO PICK UP CORPORAL JORDAN...

JORDAN'S IN A BAD WAY. GET HIM TO THE REGIMENTAL AID POST AS FAST AS YOU CAN. I'LL LOOK AFTER HEINIE FROM NOW ON.

IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT TRIPE-HOUND, JORDAN WOULDN'T HAVE BOUGHT IT... SAME AS BRETT! IF YOU ASK ME, THE DOG'S A JINX!

NEXT DAY THE BATTALION MOVED FORWARD. TWELVE PLATOON WAS DETAILED AS REARGUARD, UNDER TEMPORARY COMMAND OF HAMILTON'S COMPANY-SERGEANT-MAJOR.



WITH DESPERATE URGENCY HEINIE PULLED DURRANT OFF THE ROAD. THE BREN-GUNNER LOST HIS HOLD ON THE LEASH AND THE DOG DASHED INTO THE WOODS.



THE SERGEANT-MAJOR WAS CUT SHORT BY A SUDDEN BURST OF GUN-FIRE FROM A GERMAN RECONNAISSANCE-GROUP SKULKING IN THE WOODS.

JERRIES! LET 'EM HAVE IT, MEN! RAPID FIRE!



LED BY THE C.S.M., THE MEN OF TWELVE PLATOON CHARGED FROM THE ROAD...



UNABLE TO WITHSTAND THE COUNTER-ATTACK, THE GERMANS FLED. GURNEY, SUPERSTITIOUS AS EVER, BLAMED HEINIE AS THE CAUSE OF THE ATTACK.

THIS ANIMAL'S A MENACE, LADS! IT'S BROUGHT BAD LUCK TO EVERYBODY THAT'S HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT! IT'S A PERISHIN' JINX!

MAYBE GURNEY'S RIGHT. LET'S DITCH THE DOG AT THE NEXT VILLAGE WE COME TO...

BUT GURNEY WAS NOT PREPARED TO WAIT THAT LONG. WILD-EYED, HE TURNED HIS RIFLE TOWARDS THE DOG.

I'M GETTING RID OF IT NOW! I'LL SEE IT DOESN'T LAND ANY OF US IN THE CART!



THIS WAS TOO MUCH FOR DURRANT. WIELDING HIS BREN GUN ABOVE HIS HEAD, HE SPRANG AT GURNEY...

NO, YOU DON'T, YOU BIG OAF!

YOU LEAVE HEINIE ALONE, OR I'LL KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF!

SUDDENLY, THE FIGHT WAS INTERRUPTED. THE SHRILL WHINE OF A SHELL REACHED ITS CLIMAX IN A TUMULTUOUS UPROAR, AS IT EXPLODED ON THE ROAD.

SALVO AFTER SALVO SHATTERED THE ROAD WITH DEVASTATING ACCURACY...

IF WE'D STILL BEEN ON THE ROAD WE'D HAVE BEEN BLOWN TO BITS! IS THAT WHY HEINIE TRIED TO PULL US INTO THE WOODS? DID SOME SIXTH SENSE WARN HIM?



DURRANT DISMISSED THE IDEA THAT HAD OCCURRED TO HIM. IT SEEMED TOO FANTASTIC...

NO, BOY. YOU'RE PRETTY SMART, BUT NOT THAT SMART!



...YET HE WOULD NOT HAVE REJECTED THE NOTION IF HE HAD KNOWN THE DOG AS FELDWEBEL. HEINRICH DREISER KNEW IT.

Chapter 4

Werewolves!

FELDWEBEL DREISER WAS AT THAT MOMENT UNDER TREATMENT EAST OF THE FOREST IN A MANSION CONVERTED INTO A HOSPITAL.

THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH WRONG WITH THIS MAN, DOKTOR.

I DISAGREE, OBERST KRANZ. HE IS STILL SUFFERING FROM THE AFTER-EFFECTS OF SEVERE CONCUSSION.



OBERST KRANZ BRUSHED ASIDE THE PROTEST OF THE MEDICAL OFFICER . . .

MY ORDERS ARE TO MUSTER EVERY AVAILABLE OFFICER AND N.C.O. I SAY THIS MAN IS FIT TO FIGHT . . .



THE HARD-FACED OBERST HAD THE LAST WORD AND WITHIN AN HOUR, HEINRICH DREISER WAS PARADING OUTSIDE KRANZ'S HEADQUARTERS WITH A MIXED BAG OF SUBORDINATES.



DREISER AND HIS PARTY MARCHED WESTWARDS. THE FELDWEBEL WAS UNEASY. HE HAD NEVER EXPECTED THE DAY WOULD COME WHEN HE WOULD BE PLACED IN COMMAND OF SUCH A FORCE.



The Scent Of Danger

AFTER DARK THEY SLIPPED THROUGH THE GERMAN LINES. THEIR JOB WAS TO INFILTRATE TO THE REAR OF BRITISH AND UNITED STATES TROOPS IN THAT SECTOR.



WITHOUT MUCH DIFFICULTY, THEY PENETRATED THE BRITISH-AMERICAN FRONT. THEN CAME THE CHANCE FOR THEM TO STRIKE THEIR FIRST BLOW.



AS THE UNSUSPECTING LORRIES RUMBLING BELOW THEM, DREISER'S MEN ATTACKED. THE LEADING LORRY SLEWED OFF THE ROAD, BLASTED BY AN ACCURATELY THROWN GRENADE.



AS THE AMERICANS POURED FROM THEIR SMASHED TRUCKS, THE GERMANS MELTED BACK INTO THE COVER OF THE FOREST...



DREISER AND HIS GUERRILLA-BAND SCORED MANY SUCCESSES IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED. FORTUNATELY, NOT EVERY TRANSPORT-COLUMN IN THE AREA SUFFERED FROM THEIR ATTENTIONS . . .

THAT'S THE HANDIWORK OF THE WEREWOLVES, SERGEANT BRETT.



BRETT FROWNED AT THE NAME. HE HAD JUST RECOVERED FROM HIS LEG INJURY AND WAS RETURNING TO JOIN HIS COMPANY.


WEREWOLVES?

THEY'RE DETACHMENTS OF JERRIES THAT PROWL THROUGH THE WOODS AND KEEP ATTACKING OUR LINES OF COMMUNICATION, SARGE . . .

ON ARRIVING AT THE CAMP, BRETT REPORTED TO MAJOR HAMILTON .


AH, I HEARD YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY, SERGEANT, YOU'LL FIND THE COMPANY IN THE REST-AREA — BUT I'M AFRAID THERE'LL BE NO REST FOR YOU .






I'M TO SEND OUT A PLATOON
TO HUNT DOWN A GERMAN GUERRILLA
BAND KNOWN AS THE WEREWOLVES.
NOW YOU'RE HERE, TWELVE PLATOON'S
MY CHOICE. I'M GLAD TO
HAVE YOU BACK,
SERGEANT.

JIM BRETT WAS SURPRISED AT THE WELCOME HE RECEIVED WHEN
HE REJOINED HIS PLATOON...



FORM UP IN YOUR
SECTIONS, TWELVE
PLATOON! MOVE!



IT'S GOOD TO HAVE
YOU BACK, SARGE—
THAT GOES FOR
ALL OF US!

NOT FOR ME,
IT DOESN'T

AT THE SIGHT OF BRETT, HEINIE DASHED FORWARD EXCITEDLY, HIS TAIL WAGGING MADLY...

HE'S NOT
FORGOTTEN YOU,
SERGEANT.

I HAVEN'T
FORGOTTEN HIM,
EITHER.



WHEN HEINIE HAD CALMED DOWN, BRETT TOLD THE MEN
THE TASK THEY HAD BEEN SET.

WE'LL PATROL THE ROAD BETWEEN
HERE AND BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS.
SOONER OR LATER, WE'LL TANGLE
WITH THOSE JERRIES.
RIGHT, GET CRACKING!



THEY FOOTSLOGGED TO BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS WITHOUT CATCHING SO MUCH AS A GLIMPSE OF THE WEREWOLVES. THEN THEY ABOUT-TURNED AND STARTED EAST AGAIN.



WHAT'S UP, GURNEY?
YOU'LL GET A ROCKET FROM
SERGEANT BRETT IF YOU
FALL OUT WITHOUT
PERMISSION.

FAT LOT I CARE!
I'M WHACKED! WHETHER
BRETT LIKES IT OR NOT,
I'M TAKING A
BREATH.

DURRANT OFFERED A WORD OF CAUTION.

WATCH YOU DON'T
RUN INTO ANY
WEREWOLVES!

NO CHANCE
OF THAT. BRETT'S
WASTING HIS TIME -
AND OURS.

BUT GURNEY WAS WRONG. A FEW MILES
FARTHER ON, THE GERMAN GUERRILLAS
WERE BUSY LAYING MINES.



MAKE HASTE.
SMOOTH OUT THE
DIRT AND THEN
GET BACK AMONG
THE TREES.

DREISER AND HIS BAND GLIDED INTO THE FOREST. THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THEM WHEN BRETT AND HIS PLATOON DREW NEAR . . .

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, BOY?

SERGEANT,
WE'VE SEEN HEINIE
ACT THIS WAY BEFORE.
THERE WERE JERRIES
ABOUT THEN — SOME OF
US THINK HE SCENTED 'EM!

JIM BRETT STOPPED DEAD. HE
HAD ENOUGH EXPERIENCE OF
DOGS TO TRUST TO THEIR
INTUITION. TROTTERING BEHIND
HEINIE, HE LED THE PLATOON
FORWARD.

IT'S WORTH A TRY. WE WON'T
LOSE ANYTHING BY IT. BUT KEEP
ON YOUR TOES!

MAKING A CHECK ON THE PLATOON, BRETT DISCOVERED GURNEY HAD DROPPED OUT BUT THERE WAS NO TIME TO LOOK FOR HIM.

WE'RE NOT WAITING FOR THAT IDLE CLOT. STRING OUT BEHIND ME, LADS. AND FROM NOW ON, NOT A SOUND.

WITH HEINIE AS THEIR GUIDE THEY WEAVER CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE TREES PARALLEL WITH THE ROAD. THEN, THEY SAW THE GERMAN AMBUSH PARTY.

DEAD-QUIET, EVERYBODY! LOOK! JERRIES!



QUICKLY THE SERGEANT WORKED OUT A PLAN, THEN SPOKE QUIETLY TO THE MAN NEAREST HIM.

SLIP BACK AND TELL ALL THE LADS TO CLOSE UP ON ME FOR ORDERS. BUT WARN 'EM TO GET DOWN ON THEIR HANDS AND KNEES.



BRETT ISSUED HIS INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PLATOON AND THEN PROCEEDED TO PUT HIS PLAN INTO EFFECT.



TEN NERVE-WRACKING MINUTES LATER, THE PLATOON WAS PLANTED IN A WIDE SEMI-CIRCLE AROUND THE GERMANS. HEINIE WAS UNUSUALLY EXCITED . . .

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOY? HOLD STILL . . .



THE DOG WAS BESIDE HIMSELF WITH EXCITEMENT. SUDDENLY, HE BARKED AND PULLED AWAY FROM BRETT TO RUN TOWARDS THE ALERTED GERMANS. THE STARTLED SERGEANT RAPIDLY RAISED HIS RIFLE.

I'LL GET THAT BLOKE WITH THE SCHMEISSER BEFORE HE STARTS TO USE IT!



BUT BEFORE HE COULD SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER, HEINIE JUMPED UP AT THE GERMAN, WAGGING HIS TAIL.

BY GOLLY, I'LL LAY ODDS THE DOG KNOWS HIM!



The Scent Of Danger

SEEING HIS CHANCE, BRETT SPRANG FROM THE BUSH, POINTING HIS GUN AT THE GUERRILLA BAND . . .



AS IF FROM NOWHERE, A CORDON OF KHAKE-CLAD FIGURES APPEARED, COMPLETELY SURROUNDING THE GERMANS.



THE GERMANS DROPPED THEIR WEAPONS AND RAISED THEIR HANDS AS THE BRITISH TROOPS CLOSED IN.

SPRECHEN-SIE
ENGLISCH?

JA, I SPEAK
ENGLISH.



RIGHT! I WANT YOU AND
YOUR MEN TO FALL IN ON
THE ROAD FACING WEST.

HIMMEL! NOT ON THE
ROAD, SERGEANT! WE
MINED IT IN READINESS
FOR THE NEXT CONVOY
THAT WOULD SHOW
UP.



AT THAT MOMENT, GURNEY APPEARED TRUDGING ROUND A BEND IN THE ROAD . . .



GURNEY JERKED TO A HALT. TREMBLING WITH FEAR, HE STOOD STOCK-STILL WHILE THE PRISONERS CAREFULLY REMOVED THE MINES .

BLIMEY, I'D HAVE WALKED SLAP INTO THAT MINEFIELD! IT'S THANKS TO YOU I DIDN'T, SERGEANT.



SOON, THE ROAD WAS CLEAR, AND THE GERMANS WERE ASSEMBLED TO MOVE OFF. BRETT PULLED DREISER ASIDE . . .

SO THE DOG'S YOURS, EH? YOU WON'T BE ALLOWED TO TAKE HIM WITH YOU TO A P.O.W. CAMP. BUT I'LL SEE YOU GET HIM BACK AFTER THE WAR. BY THE WAY, WHAT DO YOU CALL HIM?

GLUEKLICH. IN GERMAN, IT MEANS "LUCKY."

THE PLATOON HEADED BACK WITH THEIR PRISONERS TO THE VILLAGE, LED BY HEINIE, NOW CONTENTED THAT AT LAST HE WAS REUNITED WITH HIS MASTER.



FOR THE MEN OF TWELVE PLATOON, THE HATE FOSTERED BY THE FLAMES OF WAR HAD BEEN SOFTENED BY THE FRIENDLINESS AND COMRADESHIP OF A SMALL DOG.



GLUCKLICH WOULD NEVER BE FORGOTTEN BY THE MEN HE HAD SAVED FROM DEATH.

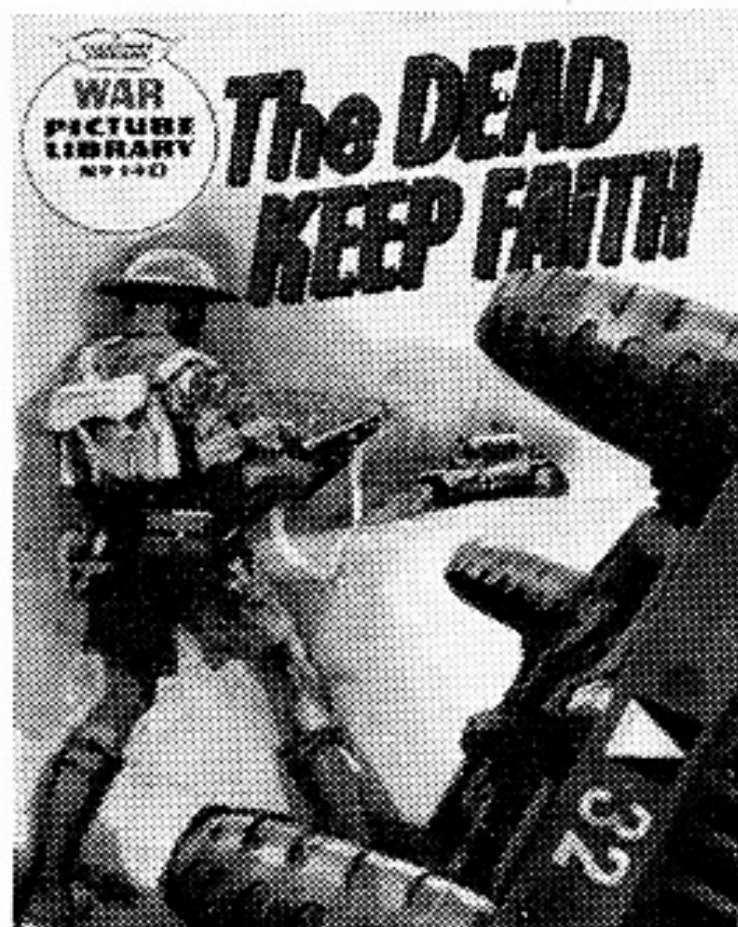
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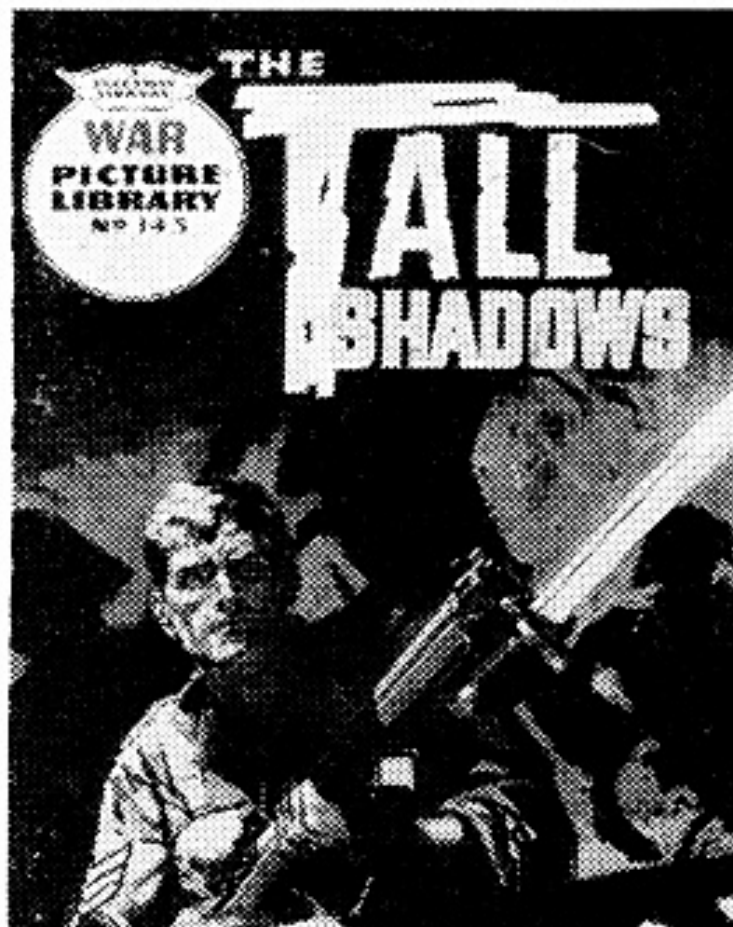
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